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——— servum pecus, ut mihi sæpè,
Bilem, sæpè jocum vestri movêre tumultus!
HOR.

— ——— —

oft has your bustling noise, ye slaves on earth,
Inflam'd my kindling spleen, or roused
my mirth.

An author, upon his first entrance upon his literary career, may truly be said "to take arms against a sea of troubles." He has foes to torment him

without, and enemies to hands him within. From the world he has nothing to hope, and within himself he cannot look for support; years of labor are consumed, and years of sighing are in prospect; bitterness issues from every tongue, and envy rankles in every heart; while open defamation, or insidious malice, public dissatisfaction, or private obloquy, combined in one solid phalanx of united strength, oppose his rise with vigor, and look with eagerness to his fall.

The hatred of the bad to the good, the opposition of the little to the great, is naturally to be expected, as coming from souls congenial with vicious pursuits, and guided by degraded feelings. But the trouble which they afford, is by no means proportionate to the meanness of themselves;

for virtue may be injured by calumny, though wickedness cannot be sunk lower in the scale, than its own character prescribes. The villain has nothing to lose, while the reverse is the case with his opposite.

Hence, in the annals of misery, the tears of sorrow, the groans of despair, & the sadness of melancholy, are depicted to us, as attendants on the children of genius, & the never failing companions of their journey, and the continued partners of their toils. That feeling, which is an attribute of virtue, must be roused by the stings, which malevolence only could inflict, and which nothing but steadiness can cure; and who can be free from ills, in a world where peace is invaded by foreign

aggression, and felicity unt-
mounted by needless reproach?
where it is not enough for the
profligate, to lessen the glory
of the virtuous, without robbing
the innocent of pleasure; where
infamy shines in borrowed
robes, in all the insolence of
its power, & in all the boldness
of its sin?

One of the most formid-
able evils which the rising youth
encounters, may be perhaps be
found in the dread of criticism.
The hand of cruelty may con-
sign him to obscurity, ere time
has set his seal of approba-
tion on the production of his
solitary hours, his days of
anxiety, and his nights of fear.
Ambition forces him upon
the field, while terror retards
his advancement. Opposite feel-
ings, and opposite desires, at

war with one another in his own breast, operating each in their own way, all together, produce that tinsans convulsion, gloomy horror, and awful foreboding, which, while they gratify those who have nothing else to exercise their brains, but by feeding trifling animosities, enslave their victim under a band, which drags the aspiring spirit down to earth, confines its hopes, and limits its wishes.-

But here it may be worth while to take a new view of our subject. How is it, when talent is so often wasted by brooding over its own disappointments, lamenting its fallen schemes, bewailing its blasted expectations, that dulness, with all its native disadvantages, dreams on thro'

the lapse of years, survives the raillieries of wit, and feels not the lashes of censure. All this is in the nature of things;- for Weakness is generally conceited, and conceit never is linked with sensibility. "Have you ever seen a pedant," says Lavater, "with a warm heart"? The shafts which either ridicule or pity directs against folly, are levelled against a fortress, solid against attack, neither to be hurt by enemies, or improved by friends. Those who deliberately resolve to shut themselves against the light of reason, instruction cannot mend, & reproach cannot afflict.

Whether in the bustle of society, or in the shades of academic retirement, in public action, or in in private life,-

The insensibility of dullness.

The fool is never better for correction, because he has not the penetration to discover his mistakes, nor the candor to acknowledge that he is wrong. The admonitions of good men, and the contempt of the great, neither influence his conduct, nor alter his inclinations. Tho' reviewers have exhausted their criticisms, and wit has drained its fountains, in proclaiming to the world, the encroachments of pretenders, and the presumption of ignorance, yet no good is effected, no change ensues; and there will always be enough left to fill the earth with what nobody relish but themselves, when genius ceases to speak her accents, and learning stops the progress of her discoveries.-

The guardians of youth, in the course of their labors, uniformly experience the fact, that reproof and exhortation are entirely unavailing, when stupidity hardened into insensibility, is the object of their animadversion. The same with literary occupations. We must be content to endure the repeated usurpations of our more humble competitors, to bear their insults, while we laugh at their impertinence. The Noble Law has been told to stop the continuance of a pursuit, for which nature never designed him; but he published more than once, & it is more than probable he will trouble us again.

we are at liberty not to read him, but we cannot fail to wonder at the conceit of one, who after palming upon mankind the dogrel of his Ariadne, entertained us in sober solemnity with the tale of a Doge's daughter.

In fine, we may sum up all by observing, that man, in any situation, feeble beyond measure in intellectual powers, and incapable of sufficient feeling, to profit by advice, or deter by precept. To wish to encourage them to improvement, or prevent them from folly, is to entertain a desire, which, in the nature of things, never can be fulfilled. It is in vain that we endeavor to accomplish for others, that which they cannot perceive useful themselves; it is carrying charity

for our fellows to too unwieldy a length, and extending our views a great deal farther, than reason bids us convey them. We may argue, we may grieve, we may expostulate; and all alike will end in disappointment. The sluggard will continue his mental slumber, indifferent, and therefore, undisturbed. Education, with all its discipline, and its care, its incitements and its terrors, its rewards and its punishments, could never rouse into action, when the son was ill-disposed for instruction; and the honors of the deserving, or the consciousness of inferiority, neither impelled to vigor, nor galled with shame, when the whole faculties of the soul, were absorbed in grovelling

amusements, or aiming at trivial ends. We may see symptoms of amendment, only when the presses cease to scatter thro' the earth their countless volumes of unimportant matter, and uninteresting information, neither useful to the present age, nor profitable to the rising generation. Neither gentle hints, nor open reproofs, deter the hordes of those, whose hearts neither melt in pity to others or to themselves. While genius flourishes, folly too will try and lift its little front. The tares will mingle with the wheat, and the scythe of impartial criticism in time will lop them from the field; and when again

Springing, the labor will be rendered.

Q.